

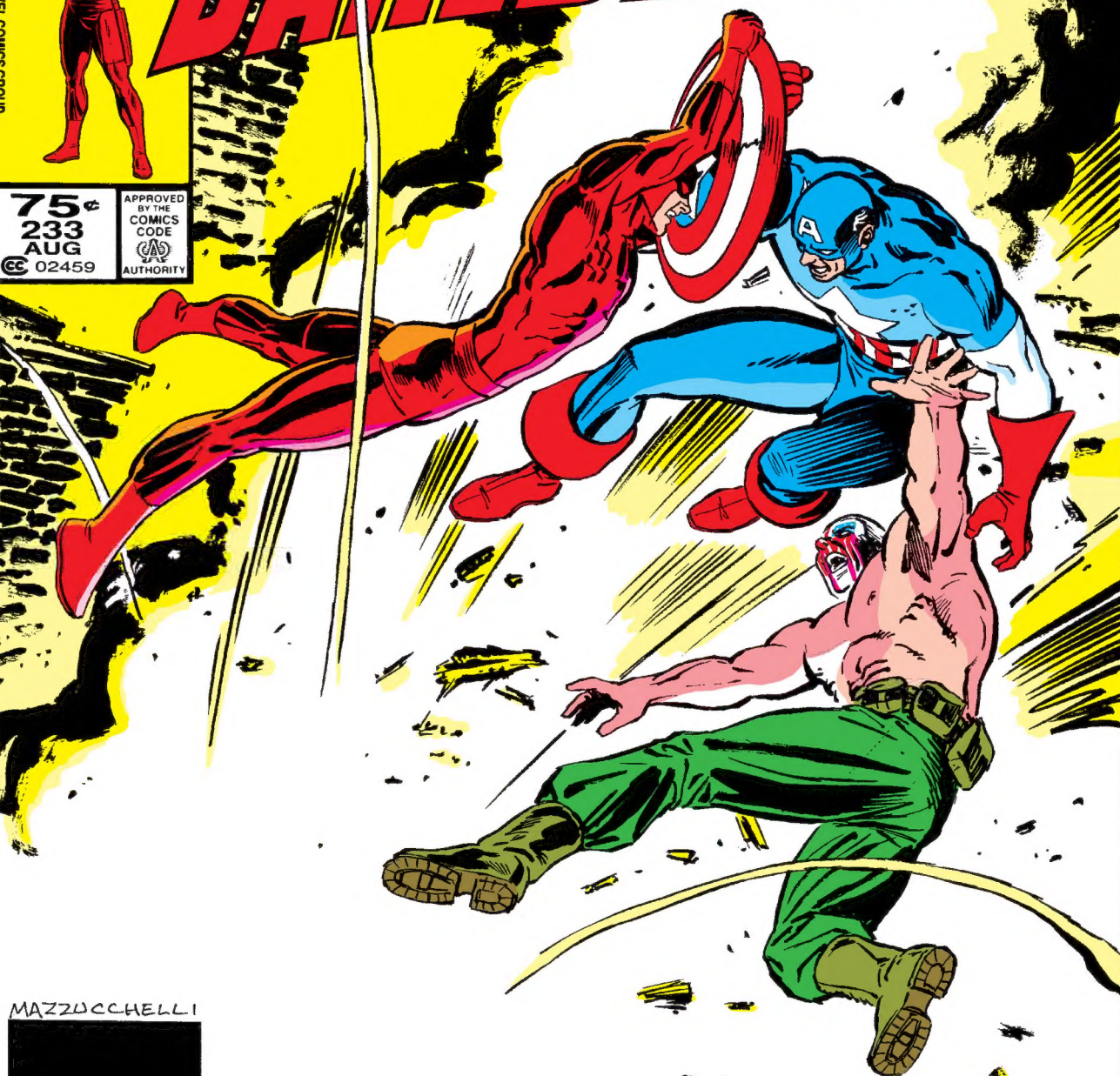
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MAZZUCCHELLI

ARMAGEDDON

STAN LEE PRESENTS

ARMAGEDDON



by

FRANK MILLER & DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

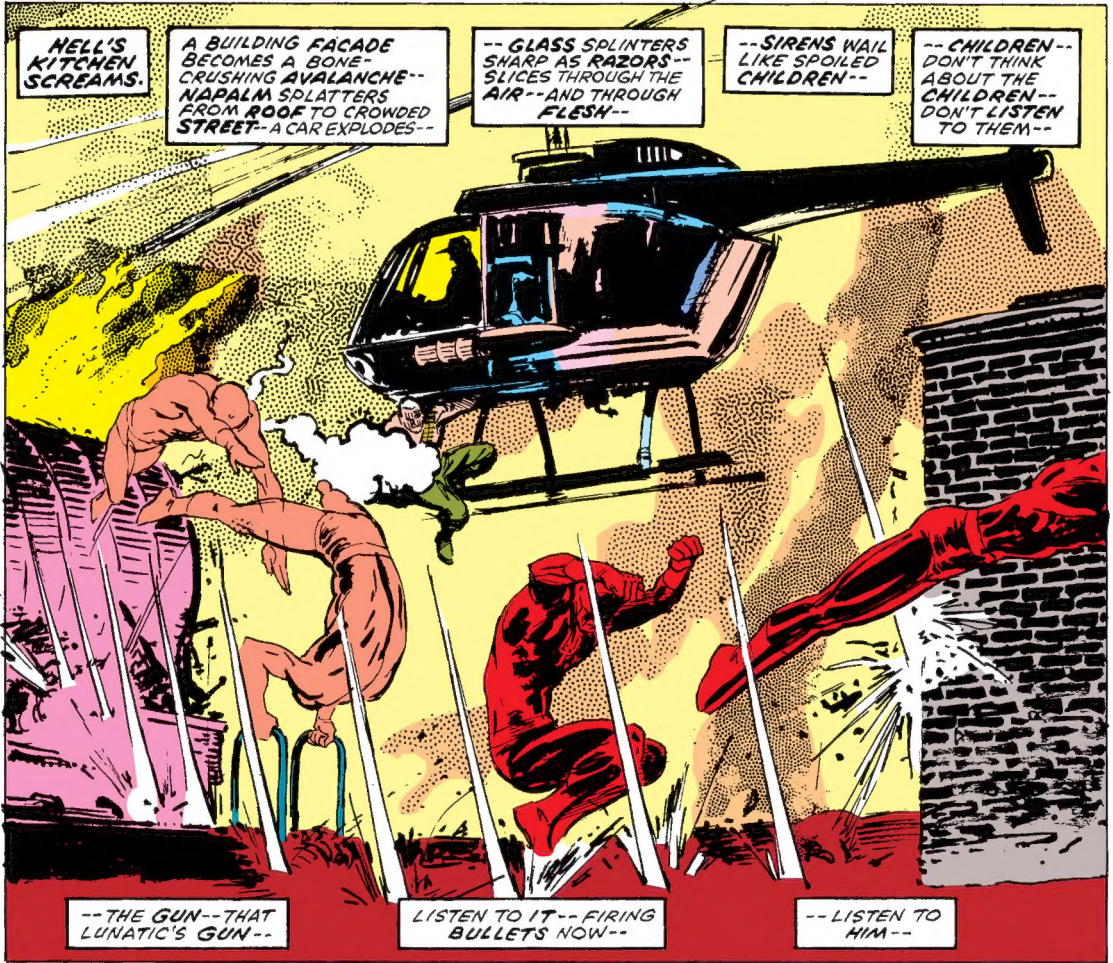
MAX SCHEELE COLORS

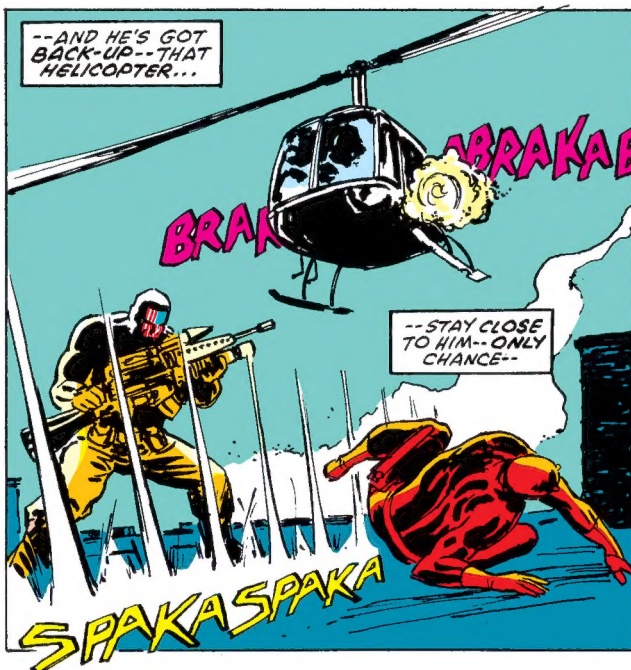
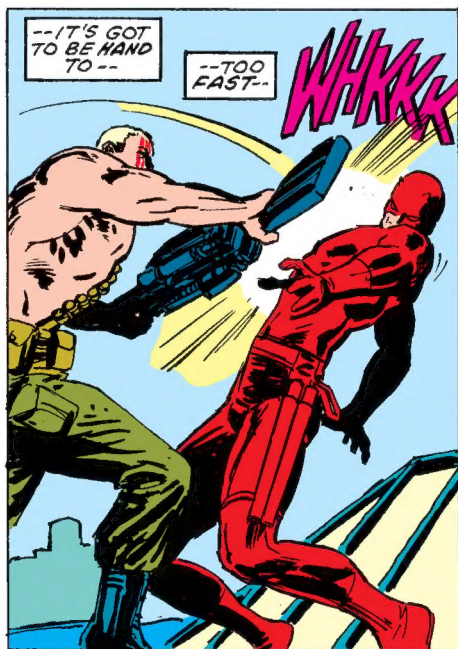
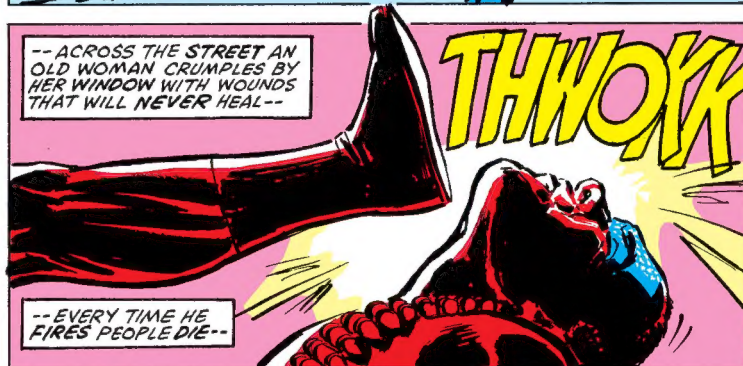
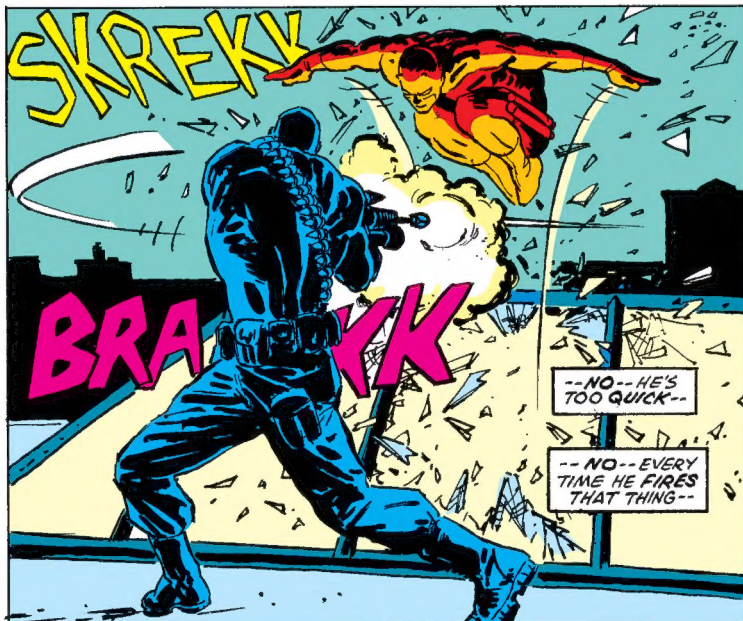
RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR

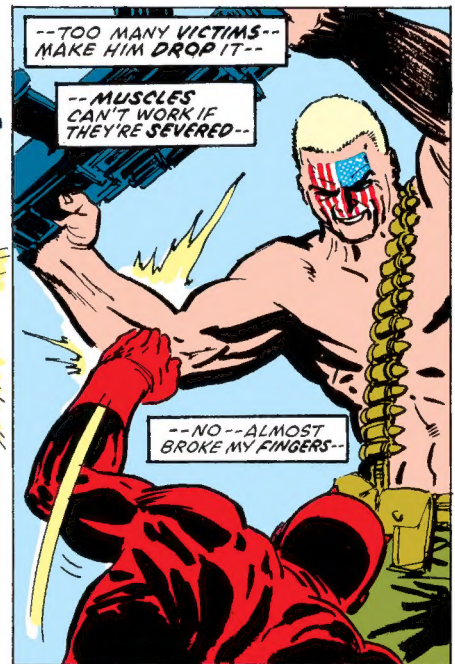
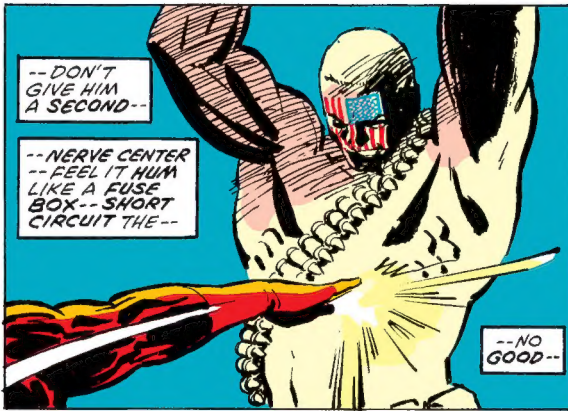
JOE ROSEN LETTERS

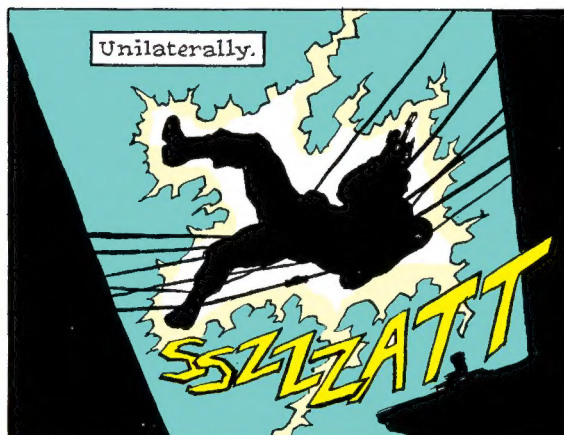
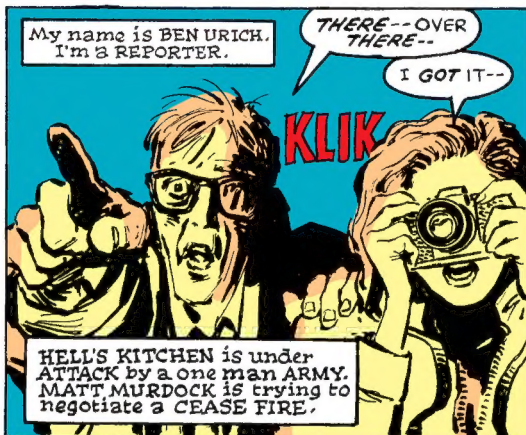
JIM SHOOTER ED.-IN-CHIEF

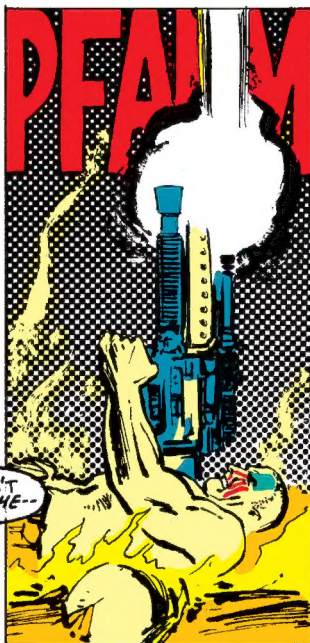
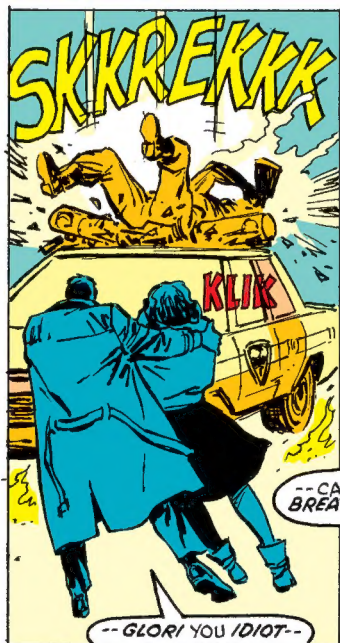
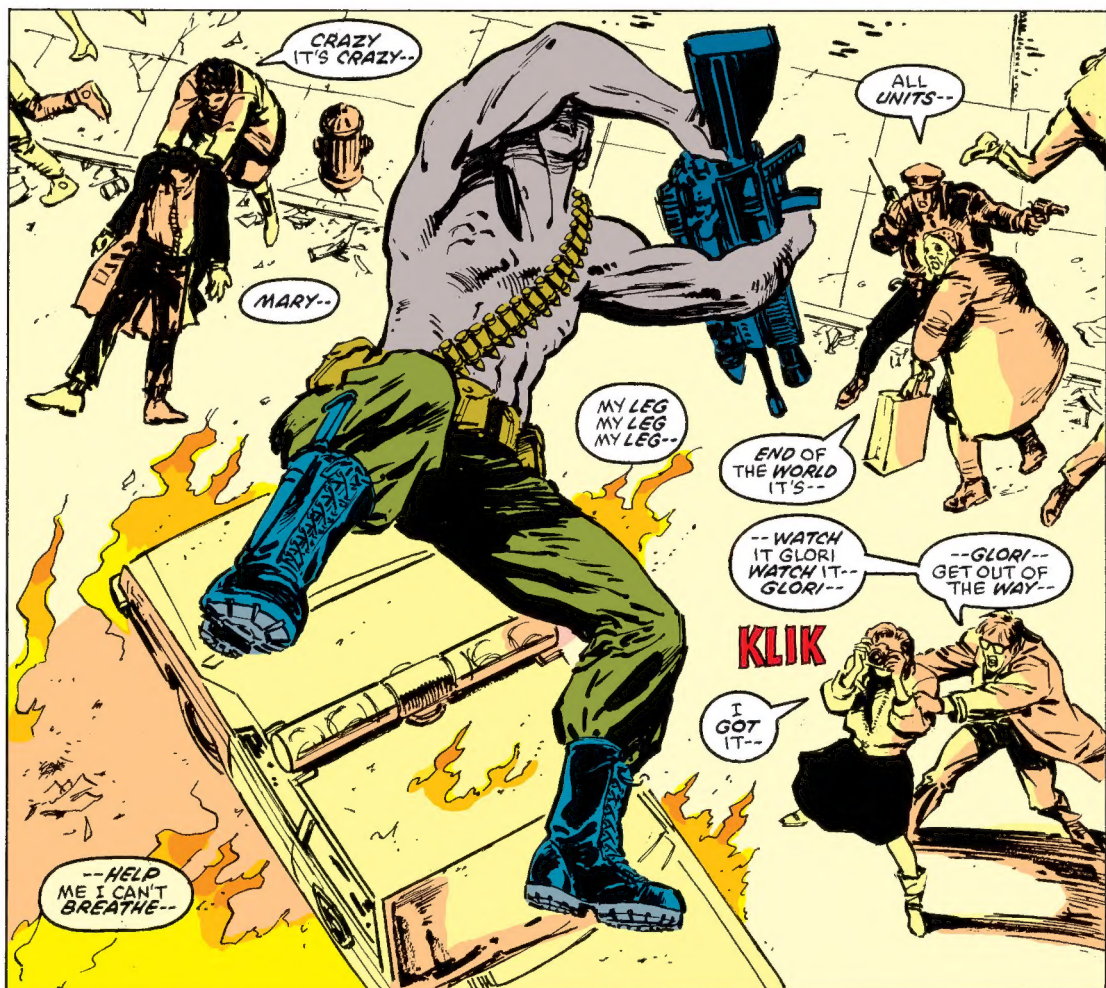
THIS ISSUE RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED TO
JACK KIRBY

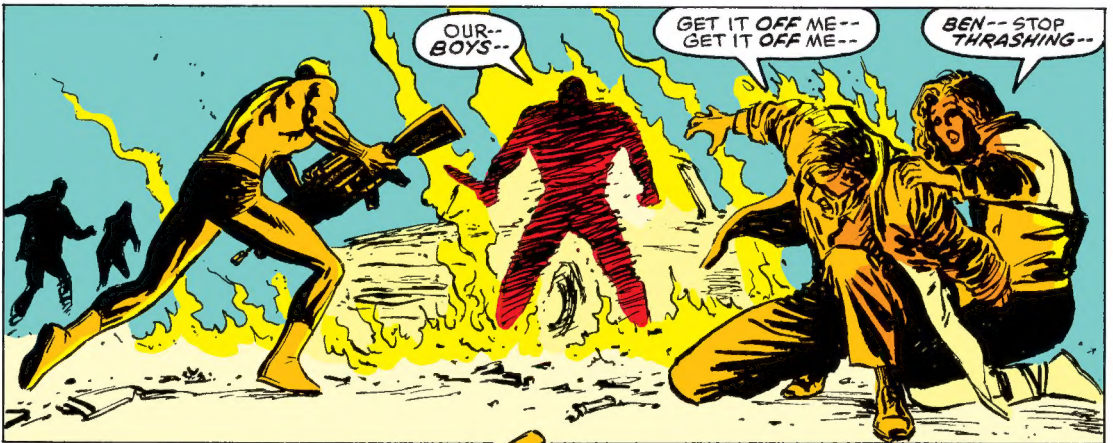


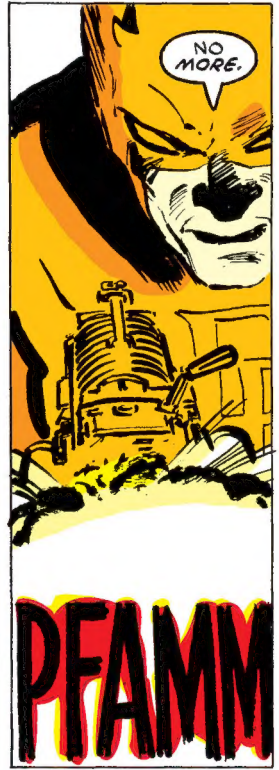
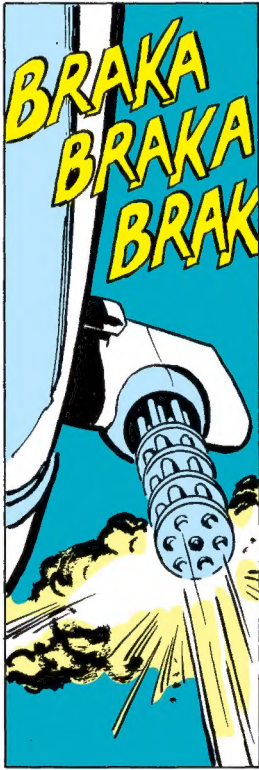
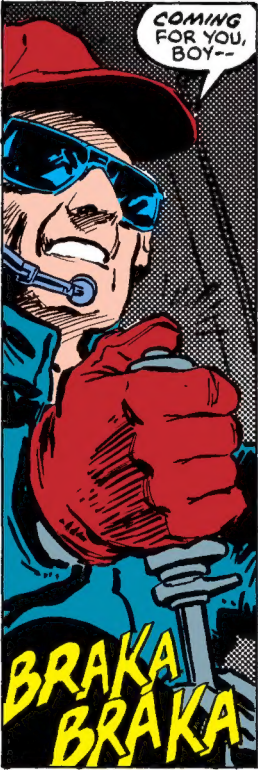


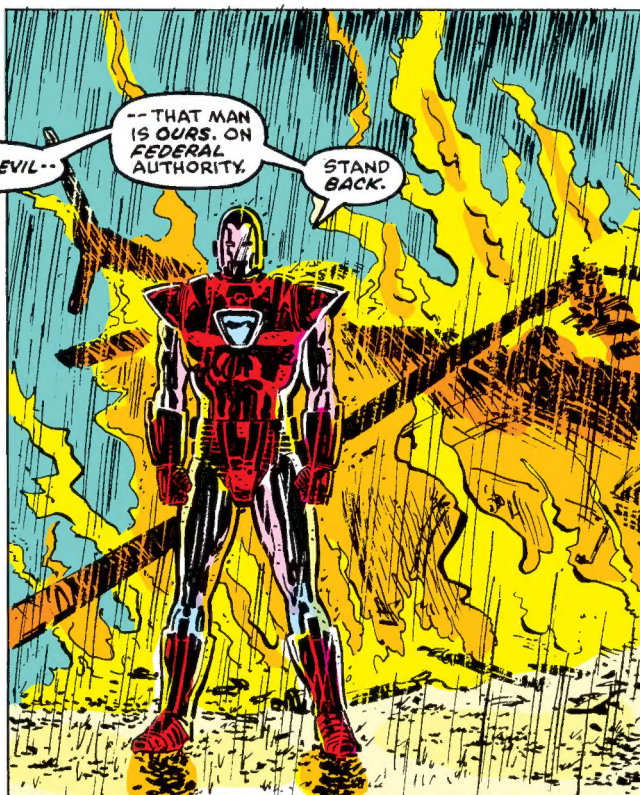
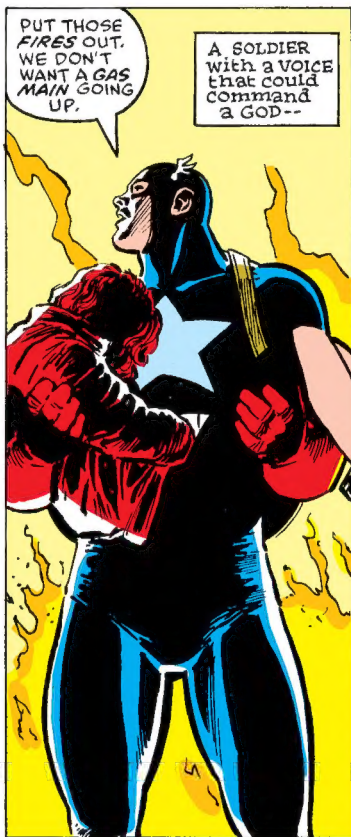


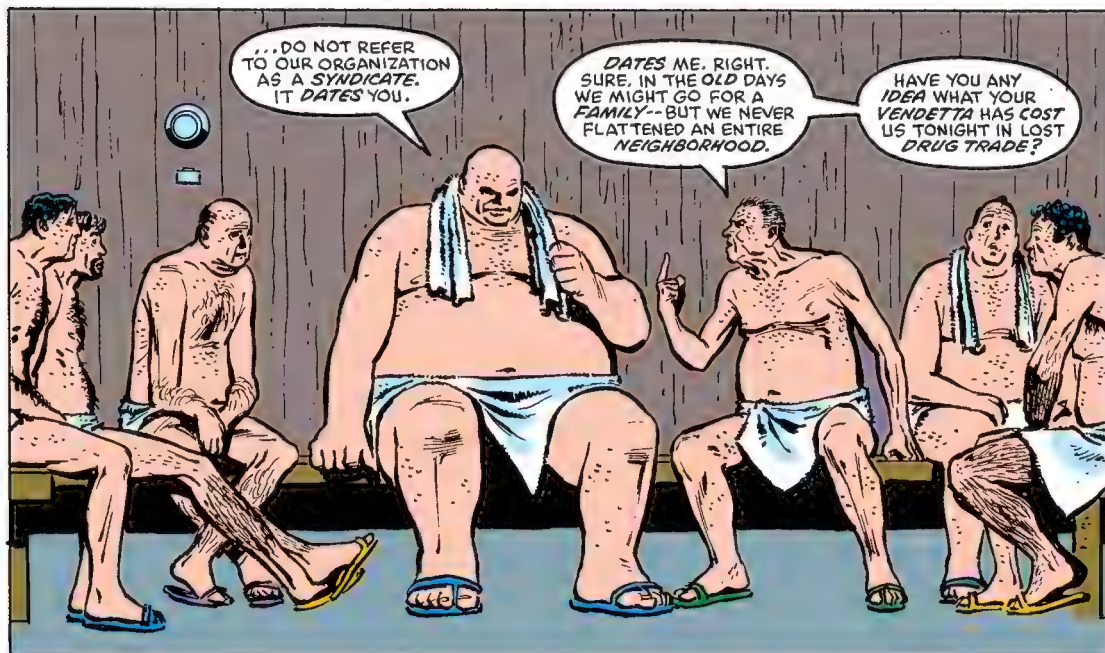
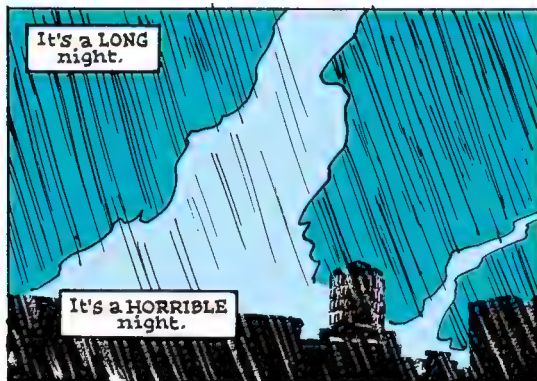
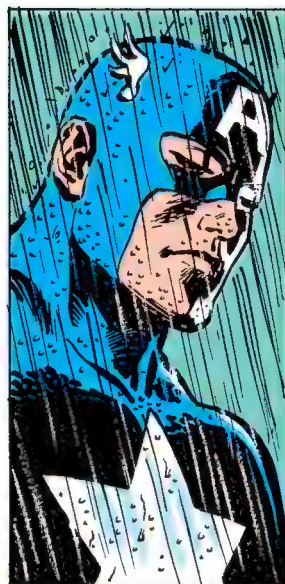
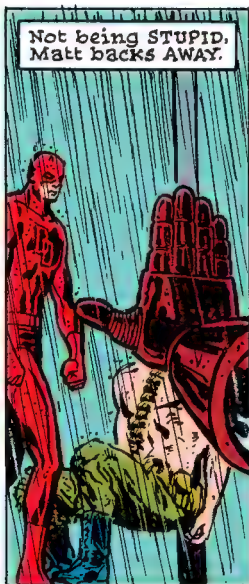
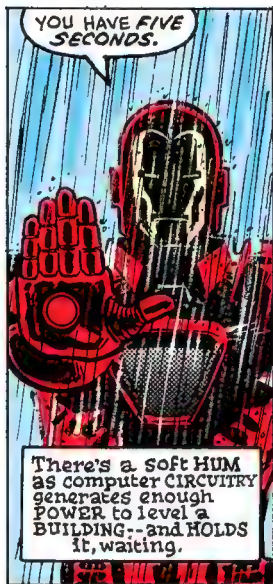


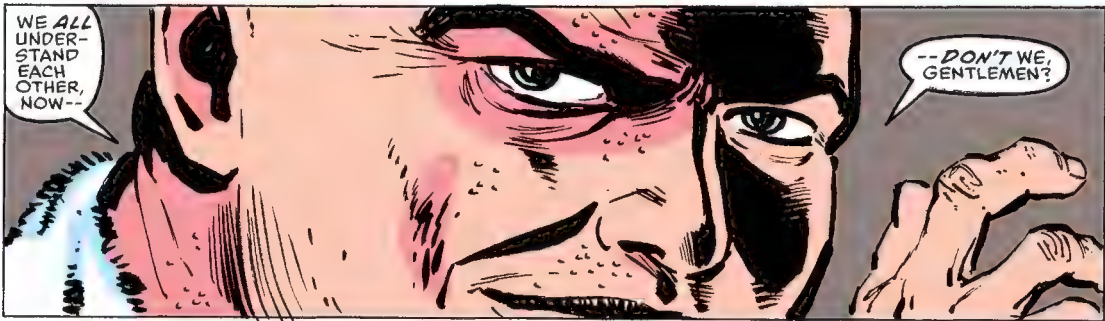
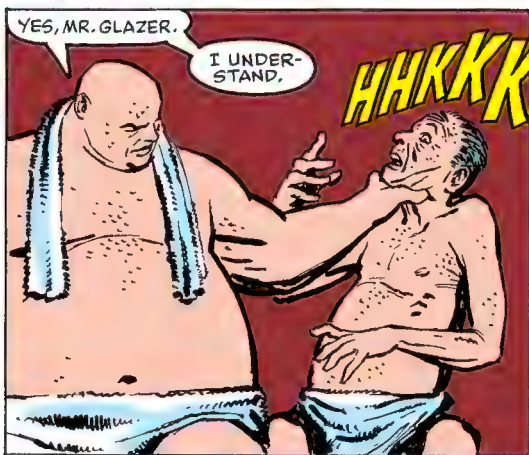


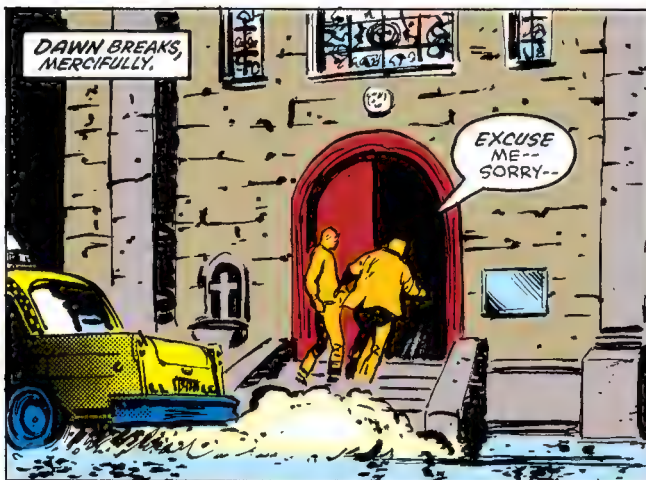












DAWN BREAKS, MERCIFULLY.

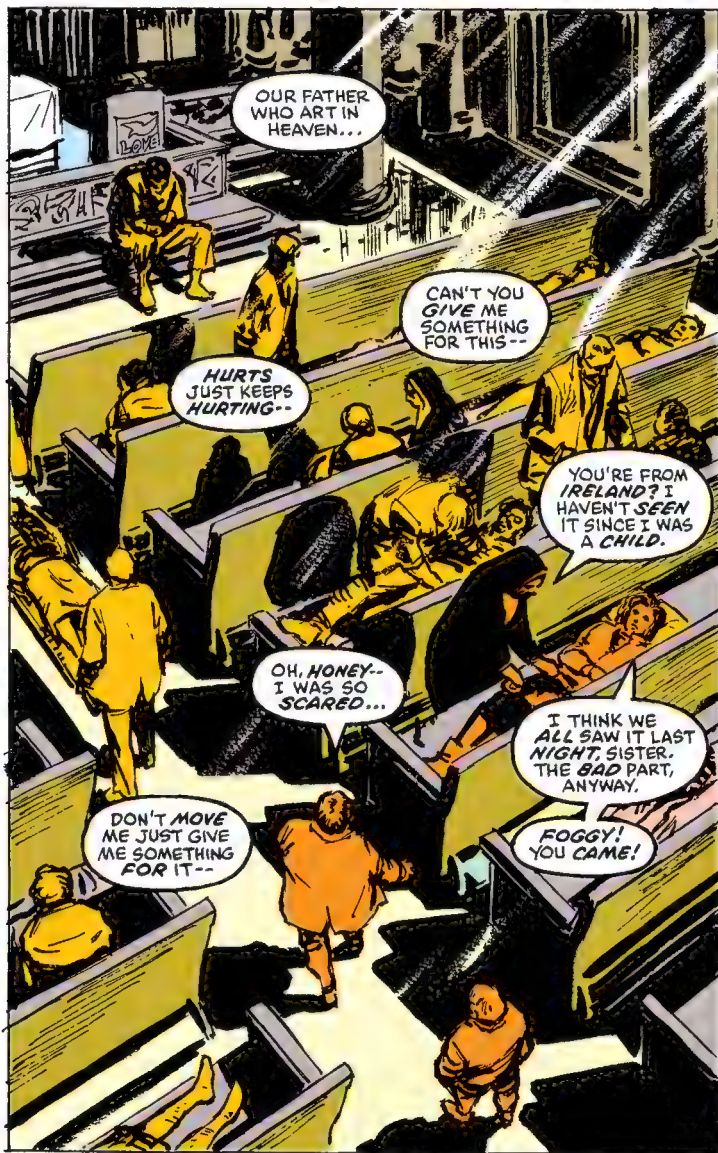
EXCUSE ME-- SORRY--



FOGGY. HE WAS MY PARTNER. IN AN OTHER LIFE.

GOOD THING HE DIDN'T NOTICE ME.

GLORI-- OH, GLORI...



OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN...

CAN'T YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR THIS--

HURTS JUST KEEPS HURTING--

OH, HONEY-- I WAS SO SCARED...

DON'T MOVE ME JUST GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR IT--

YOU'RE FROM IRELAND? I HAVEN'T SEEN IT SINCE I WAS A CHILD.

I THINK WE ALL SAW IT LAST NIGHT, SISTER. THE BAD PART, ANYWAY.

FOGGY! YOU CAME!



YOU NEED TO SLEEP.

I'M ALL RIGHT, MAGGIE. REALLY I AM.

OF COURSE I CAME, GLORI. I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE OKAY... YOU ARE OKAY?...

BULLET PASSED RIGHT THROUGH, FOGGY. THOUGH IT DID TAKE A CHUNK OF ME WITH IT.



I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS HAPPENED. FIRST THING WE'LL DO IS GET YOU TO A PROPER HOSPITAL.

I CAN'T BE MOVED JUST YET. FOGGY, I'VE... I'VE GOT A FAVOR TO ASK YOU...

GET SOME SLEEP, MATT. SOON AS YOU CAN.

I WILL...

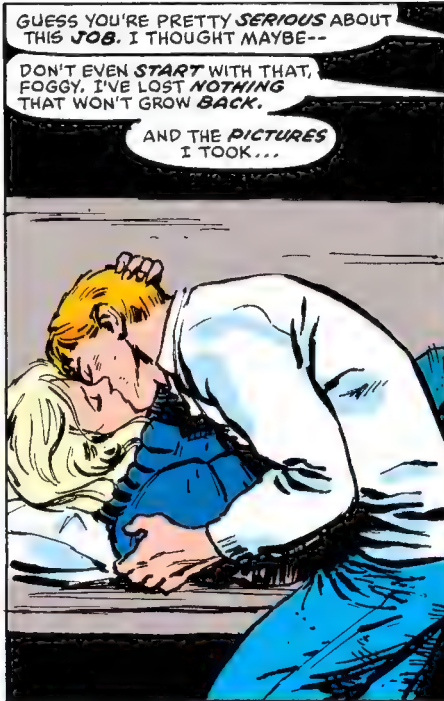


SURE, GLORI,
WHATEVER...

WELL, I HATE TO
ASK, FOGGY-- BUT
COULD YOU TAKE THIS
ROLL OF FILM TO THE
DAILY BUGLE-- TO
BEN URICH?

BY NOW HE'S
CLIMBING THE
WALLS.

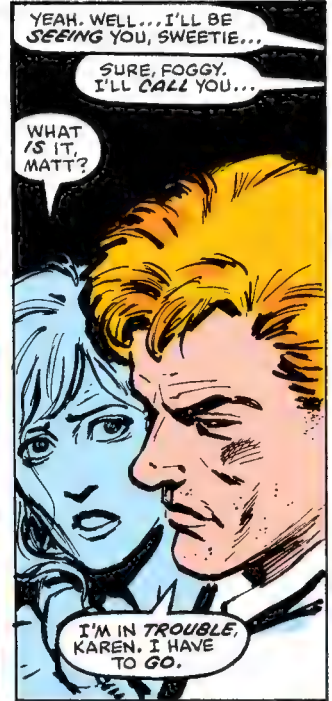
THERE
YOU ARE...



GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT
THIS JOB. I THOUGHT MAYBE--

DON'T EVEN START WITH THAT,
FOGGY. I'VE LOST NOTHING
THAT WON'T GROW BACK.

AND THE PICTURES
I TOOK...

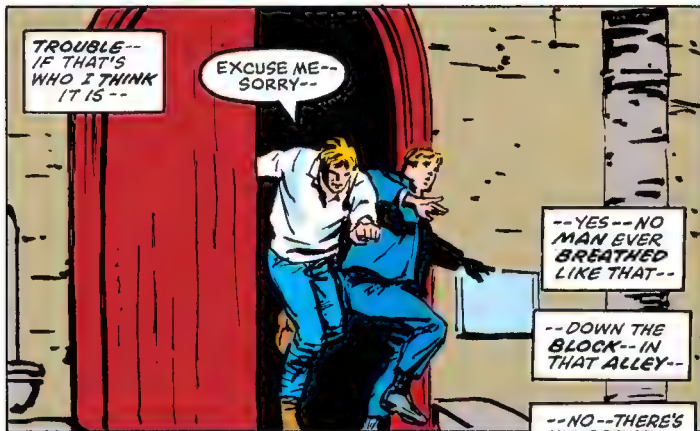


YEAH. WELL... I'LL BE
SEEING YOU, SWEETIE...

SURE, FOGGY.
I'LL CALL YOU...

WHAT
IS IT,
MATT?

I'M IN TROUBLE,
KAREN. I HAVE
TO GO.



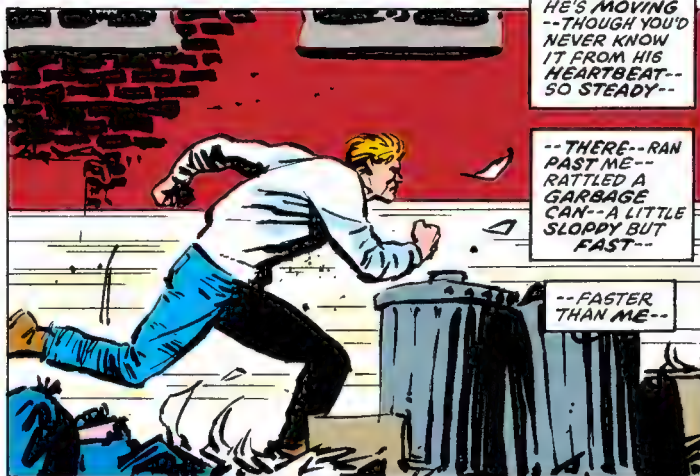
TROUBLE--
IF THAT'S
WHO I THINK
IT IS--

EXCUSE ME--
SORRY--

--YES-- NO
MAN EVER
BREATHED
LIKE THAT--

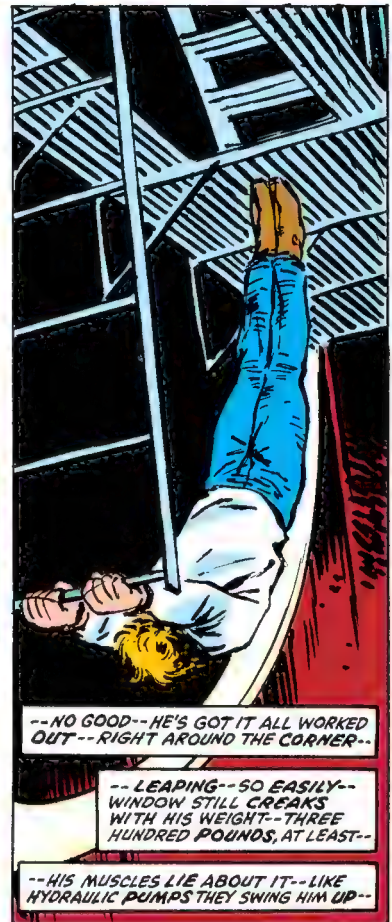
--DOWN THE
BLOCK-- IN
THAT ALLEY--

--NO-- THERE'S
HIS SCENT--
HE'S MOVING
--THOUGH YOU'D
NEVER KNOW
IT FROM HIS
HEARTBEAT--
SO STEADY--



--THERE-- RAN
PAST ME--
RATTLED A
GARBAGE
CAN-- A LITTLE
SLOPPY BUT
FAST--

--FASTER
THAN ME--



--NO GOOD-- HE'S GOT IT ALL WORKED
OUT-- RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER--

--LEAPING-- SO EASILY--
WINDOW STILL CREAKS
WITH HIS WEIGHT-- THREE
HUNDRED POUNDS, AT LEAST--

--HIS MUSCLES LIE ABOUT IT-- LIKE
HYDRAULIC PUMPS THEY SWING HIM UP--



-- ALL WORKED OUT--
HE TRACKED ME--
SINCE LAST NIGHT--

DAREDEVIL--
I MEAN YOU
NO HARM.

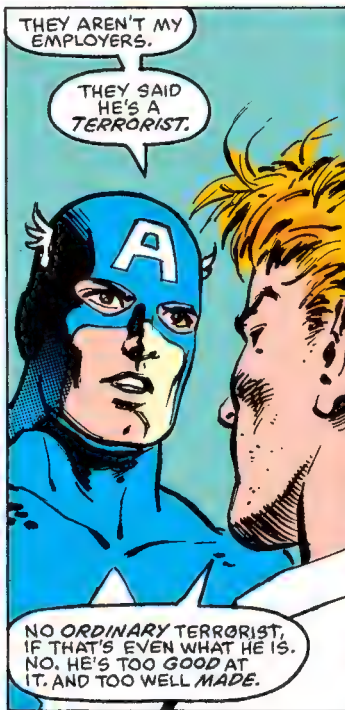
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



THAT MAN--
LAST NIGHT--
WHO IS HE?

YOU DIDN'T
ASK?

YOUR
EMPLOYERS,
I MEAN.



THEY AREN'T MY
EMPLOYERS.

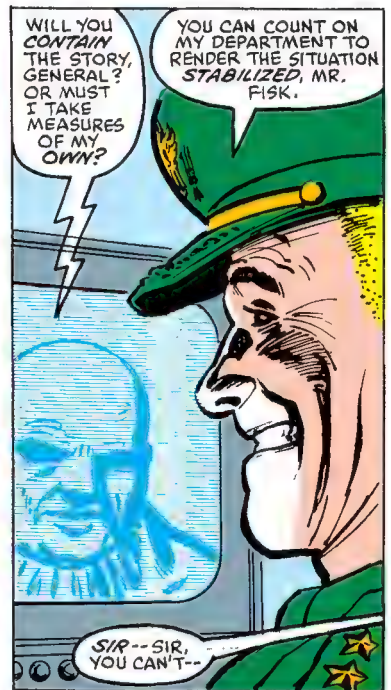
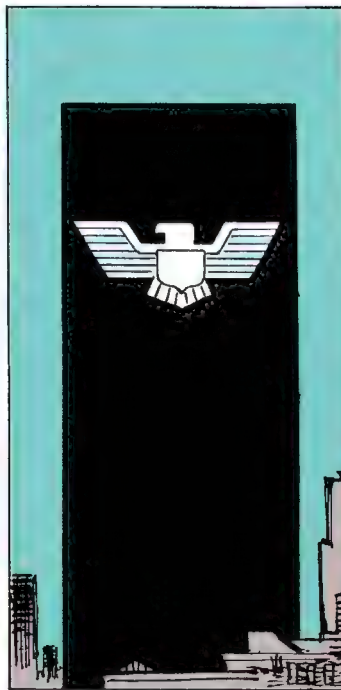
THEY SAID
HE'S A
TERRORIST.

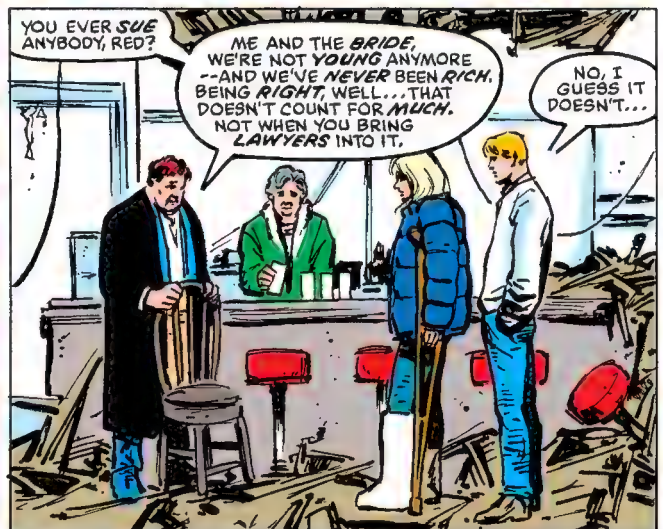
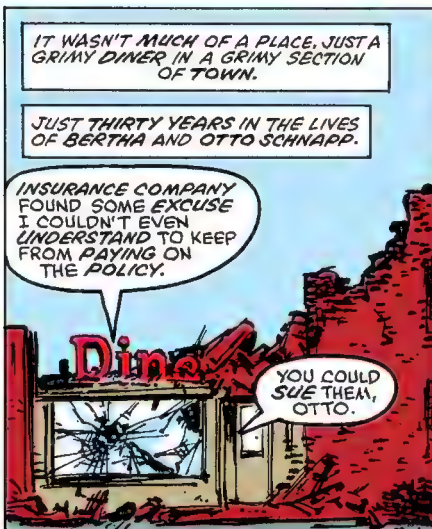
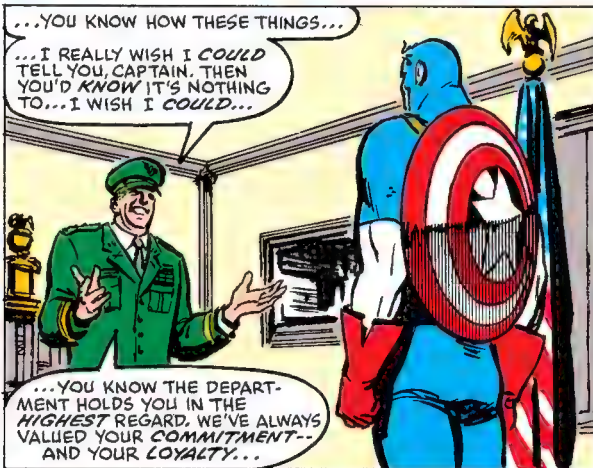
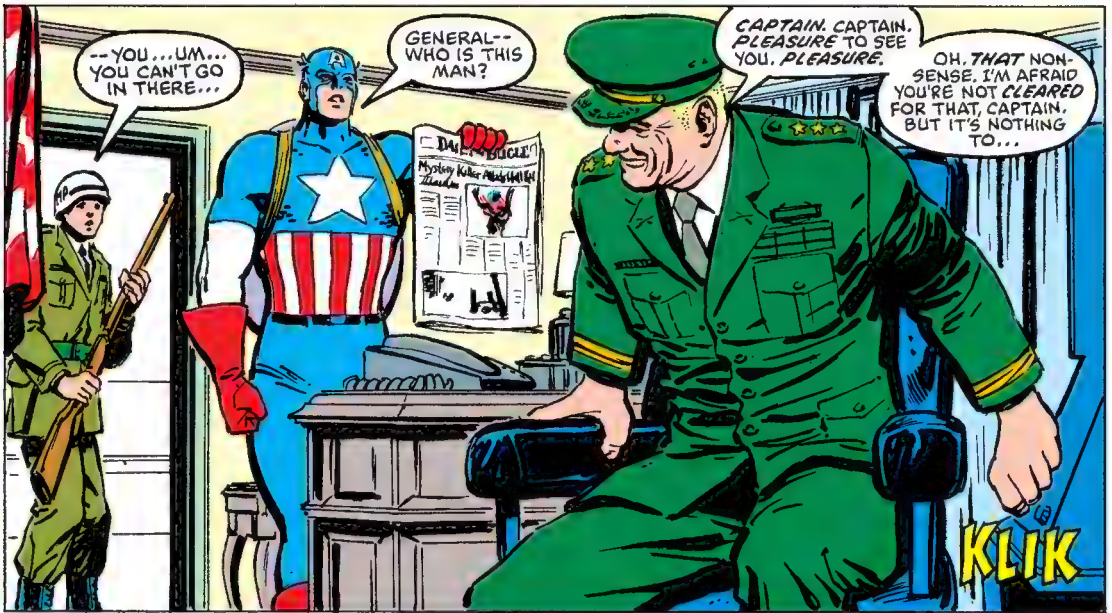
NO ORDINARY TERRORIST,
IF THAT'S EVEN WHAT HE IS.
NO. HE'S TOO GOOD AT
IT. AND TOO WELL MADE.

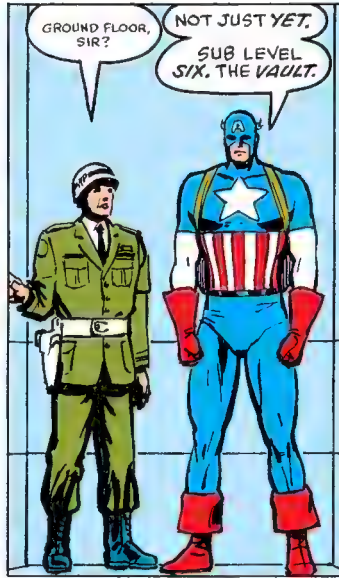


HIS SKIN CONTAINS SEVERAL KINDS
OF PLASTICS. IT'S VERY TOUGH,
DOESN'T BURN EASILY. HIS SKELETON,
HIS MUSCLES--THEY'RE ONLY
PARTLY HUMAN.

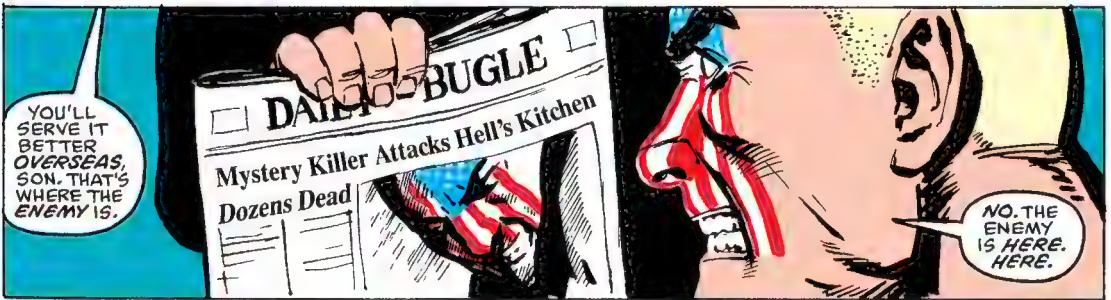
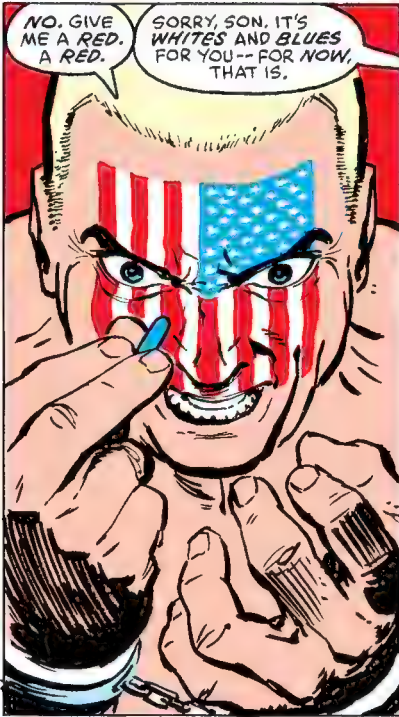
SO WHAT'S
IT TO YOU?







MANY FLOORS ABOVE...

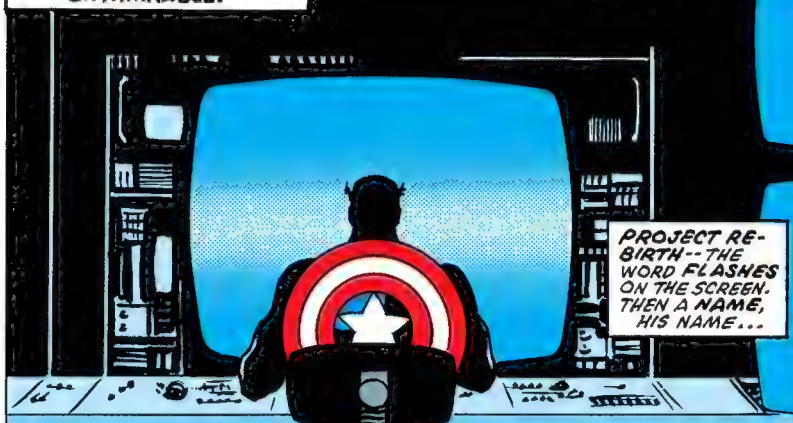


THE SOLDIER TRIES NOT TO REMEMBER HOW IT USED TO BE--WHEN BREAKING INTO TOP SECRET RECORDS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE--AN ACT OF TREASON--WAS UNTHINKABLE.

UNTHINKABLE -- BECAUSE IT WAS UNNECESSARY.

HE TRIES NOT TO RESENT THE COMPUTERS, ONLY AN OLD MAN WOULD.

HE PUNCHES THE KEYS AND BREAKS THE RIGHT CODES AND PRAYS THAT HE IS WRONG.



PROJECT REBIRTH--THE WORD FLASHES ON THE SCREEN. THEN A NAME, HIS NAME...

STEVE ROGERS. UNFIT FOR ACTIVE DUTY. SUBJECT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT THAT MADE HIM A SUPERMAN.

STEVE ROGERS--THE SUPER SOLDIER--PROTOTYPE FOR WHAT WAS TO BE AN AMERICAN FIGHTING ELITE.

IF ONLY IT HAD GONE DIFFERENTLY, HE THINKS. IF ONLY THE SERUM AND THE MIND THAT HELD IT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED...

...WE COULD HAVE WON THE WAR WITH CLEAN HANDS--NOT WITH MILLIONS OF INNOCENTS MURDERED BY ATOMIC FIRE.

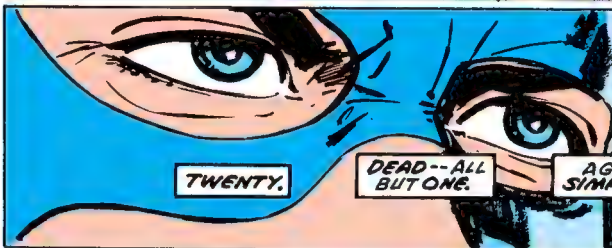


ALL THIS IS OLD NEWS. BEST NOT TO DWELL ON IT.

CODE AFTER CODE HE UNTANGLES, EASILY, IMPATIENTLY, HUNTING FOR ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE PROJECT REBIRTH.



HIS STOMACH LURCHES AS TWENTY NAMES APPEAR.

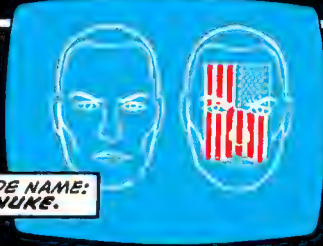


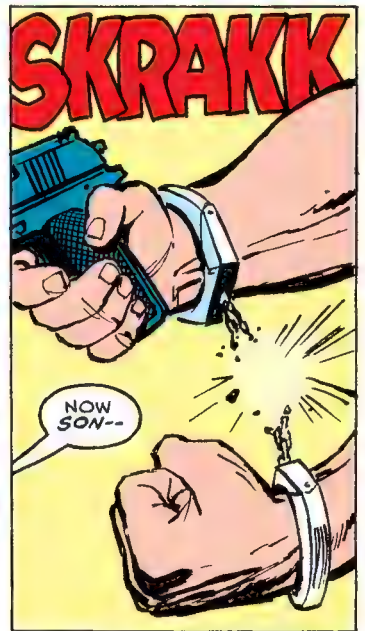
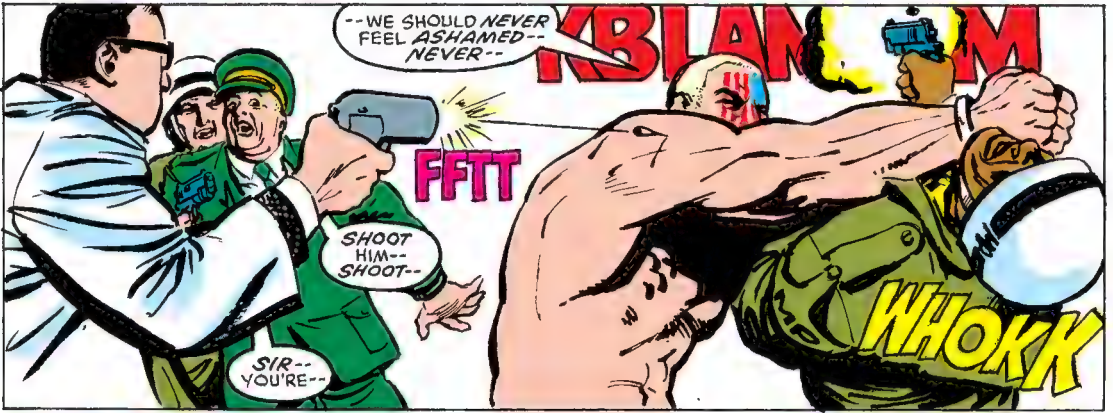
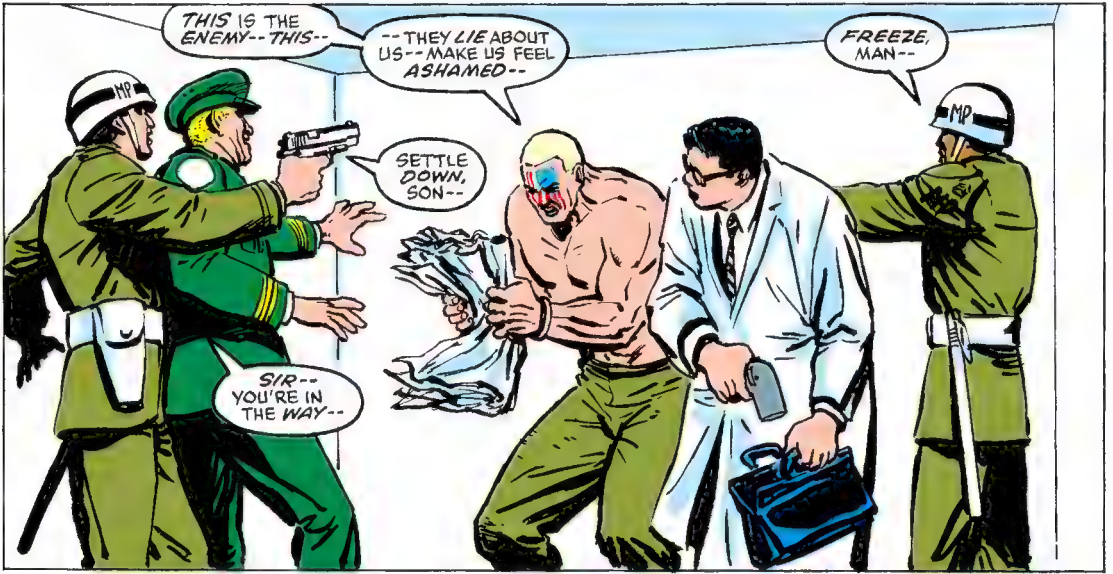
TWENTY.

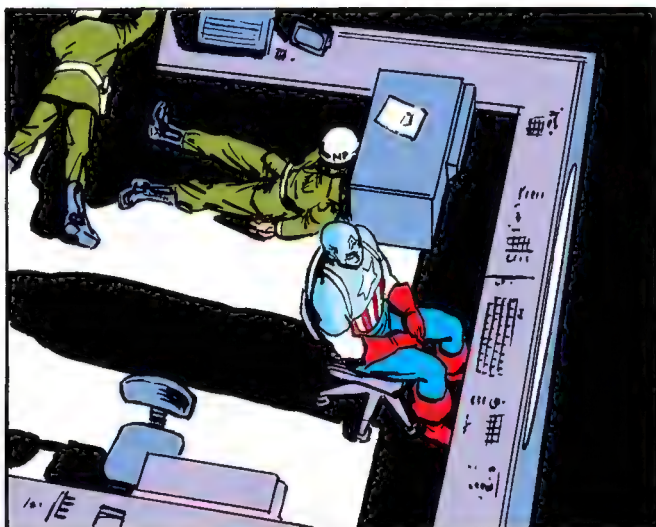
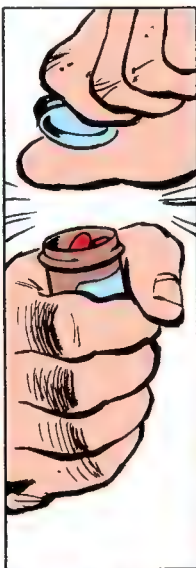
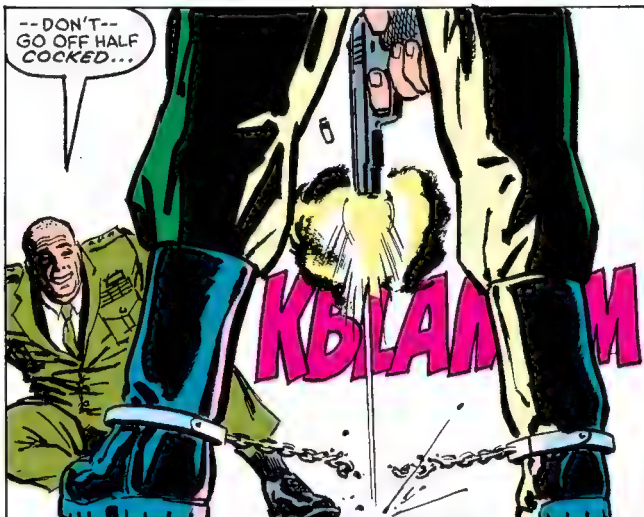
DEAD--ALL BUT ONE.

AGENT SIMPSON.

CODE NAME: NUKE.









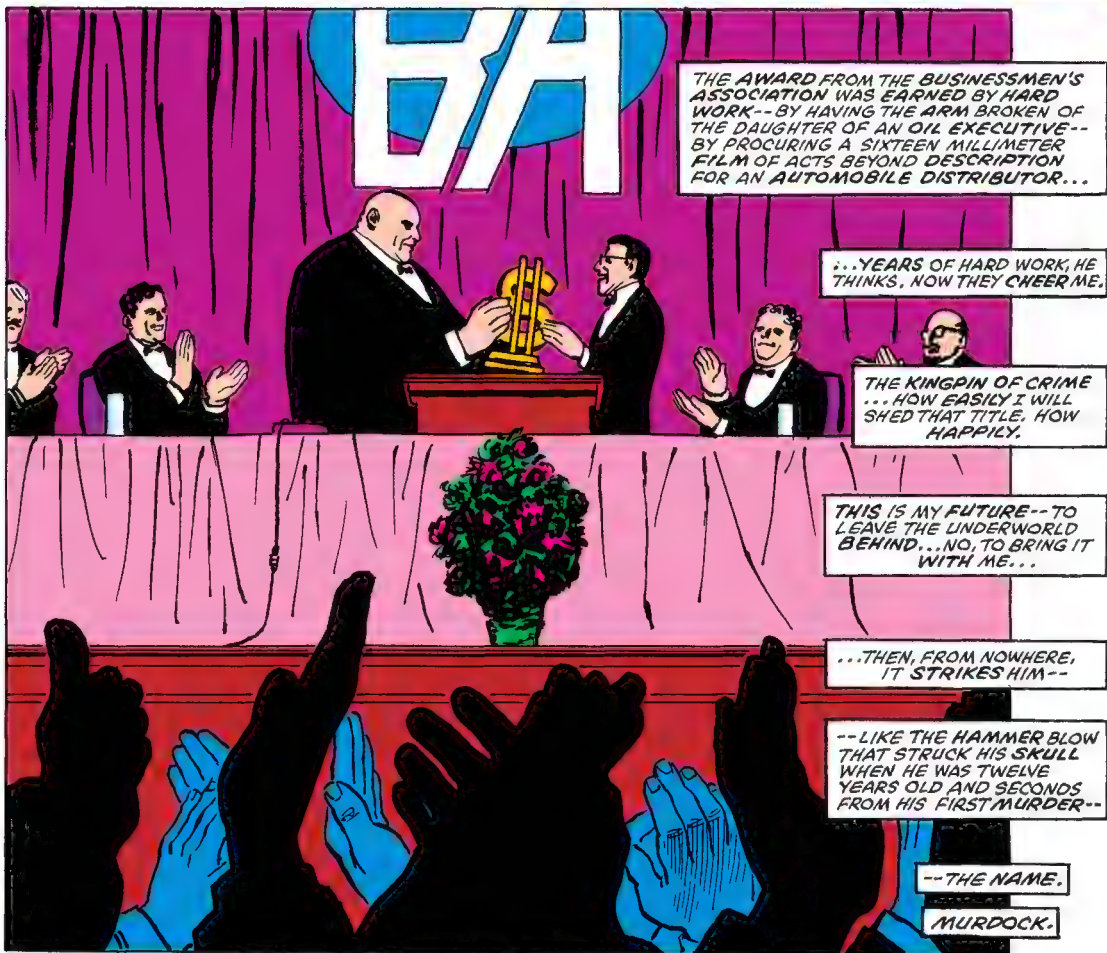
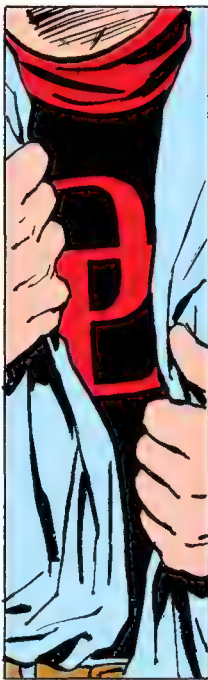
HELL'S KITCHEN.

...COSTUME GIVES ME
A PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE
OVER CRIMINALS, KAREN...

...MAKES
IT EASIER
TO MOVE...

...REALLY, IT'S
CRUCIAL...

RIGHT,
RIGHT...



THE AWARD FROM THE BUSINESSMEN'S
ASSOCIATION WAS EARNED BY HARD
WORK--BY HAVING THE ARM BROKEN OF
THE DAUGHTER OF AN OIL EXECUTIVE--
BY PROCURING A SIXTEEN MILLIMETER
FILM OF ACTS BEYOND DESCRIPTION
FOR AN AUTOMOBILE DISTRIBUTOR...

...YEARS OF HARD WORK, HE
THINKS. NOW THEY CHEER ME.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME
...HOW EASILY I WILL
SHED THAT TITLE. HOW
HAPPILY.

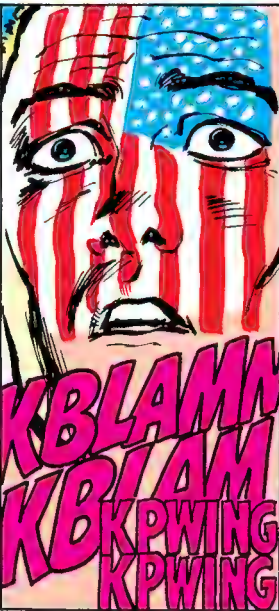
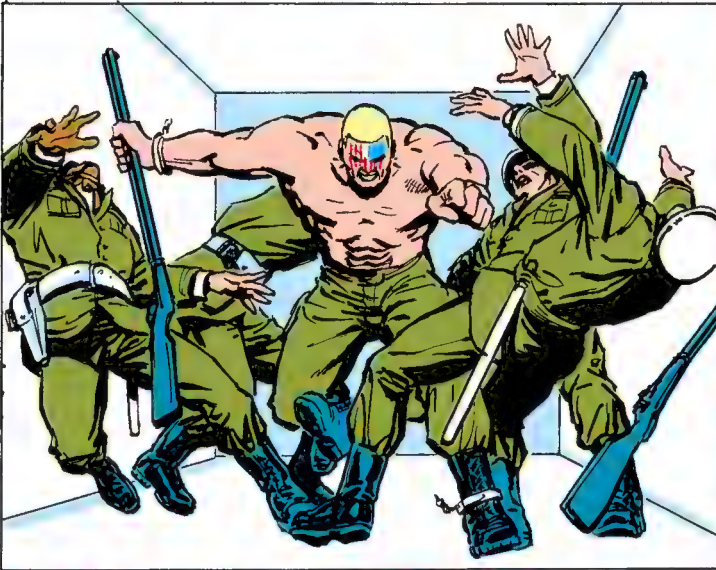
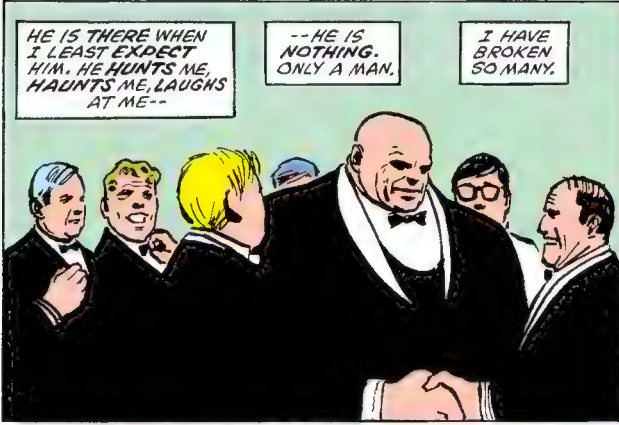
THIS IS MY FUTURE--TO
LEAVE THE UNDERWORLD
BEHIND...NO, TO BRING IT
WITH ME...

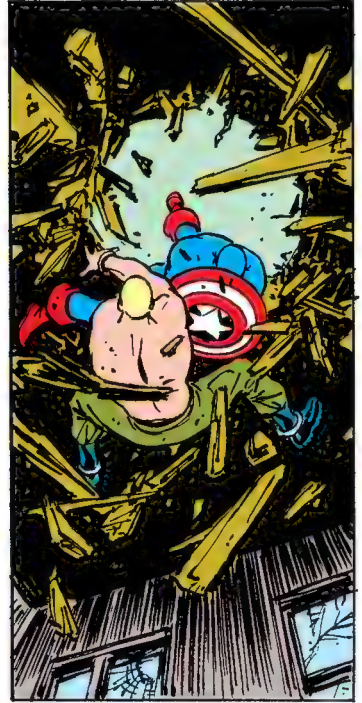
...THEN, FROM NOWHERE,
IT STRIKES HIM--

--LIKE THE HAMMER BLOW
THAT STRUCK HIS SKULL
WHEN HE WAS TWELVE
YEARS OLD AND SECONDS
FROM HIS FIRST MURDER--

--THE NAME.

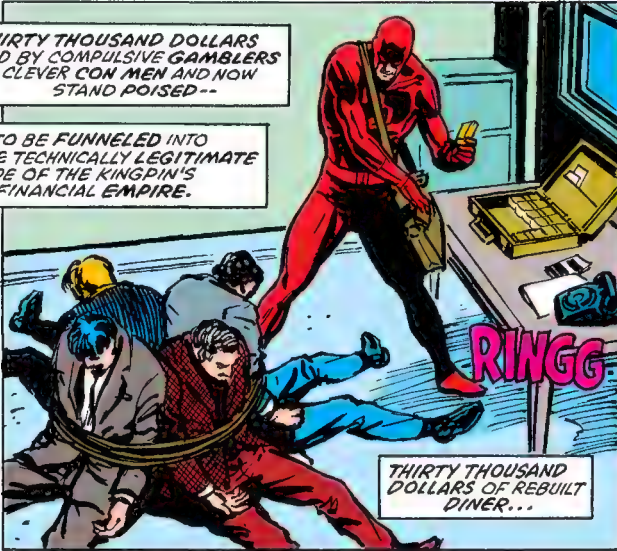
MURDOCK.





THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS
FED BY COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS
TO CLEVER CON MEN AND NOW
STAND POISED--

--TO BE FUNNELED INTO
THE TECHNICALLY LEGITIMATE
SIDE OF THE KINGPIN'S
FINANCIAL EMPIRE.



THIRTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS OF REBUILT
DINER...

...OUR ARMY CONTACT SAYS **NUKE**
BROKE OUT. HEADED FOR THE **DAILY**
BUGLE.

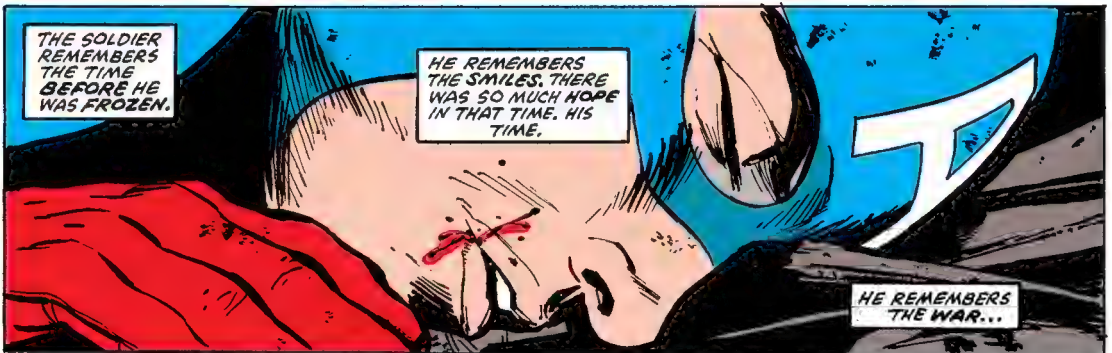
SCRAMBLE **ROARK** AND WIRE
HIM **GOOD**. GET HIM IN **PO-**
SITION AND WAIT FOR THE
KILL ORDER...



THE SOLDIER
REMEMBERS
THE TIME
BEFORE HE
WAS FROZEN.

HE REMEMBERS
THE SMILES. THERE
WAS SO MUCH HOPE
IN THAT TIME. HIS
TIME.

HE REMEMBERS
THE WAR...



THREE BLOCKS AWAY--
HAS TO BE THEM--



THE SOLDIER THINKS OF AIRPLANES,
THE OLD KIND. THEN HE THINKS OF
EGG BEATERS--

--IT'S THE SOUND--
ARMY HELICOPTERS
--HOVERING OVER
THE ROOF--

CAPTAIN...

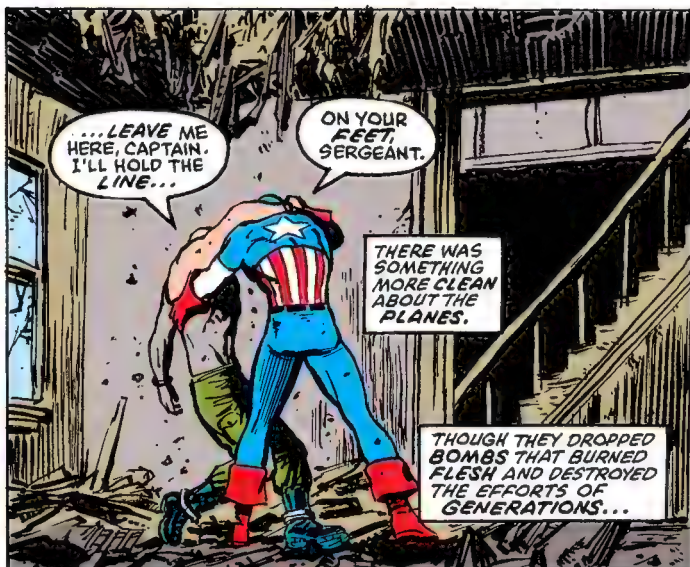


...LEAVE ME
HERE, CAPTAIN.
I'LL HOLD THE
LINE...

ON YOUR
FEET,
SERGEANT.

THERE WAS
SOMETHING
MORE CLEAN
ABOUT THE
PLANES.

THOUGH THEY DROPPED
BOMBS THAT BURNED
FLESH AND DESTROYED
THE EFFORTS OF
GENERATIONS...



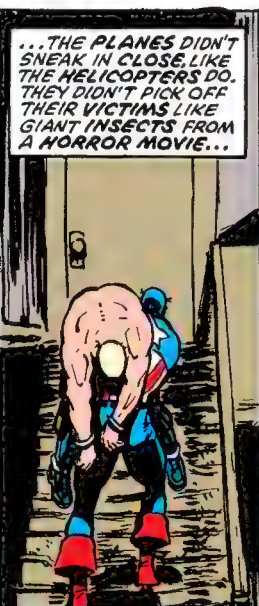
--THOSE HELICOPTERS
--MOVING IN--

--I DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY'RE
SAYING TO EACH OTHER--

--WAIT TILL
THEY COME
OUT--KEEP
IT TIGHT--

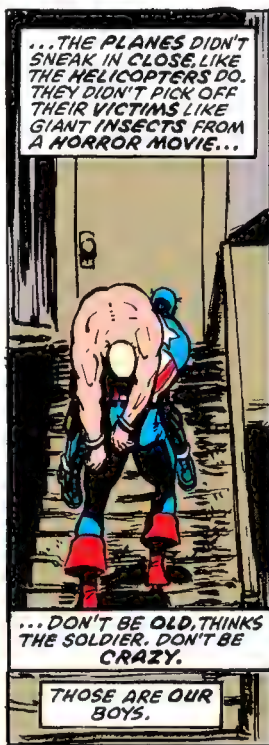


...THE PLANES DIDN'T
SNEAK IN CLOSE, LIKE
THE HELICOPTERS DO.
THEY DIDN'T PICK OFF
THEIR VICTIMS LIKE
GIANT INSECTS FROM
A HORROR MOVIE...

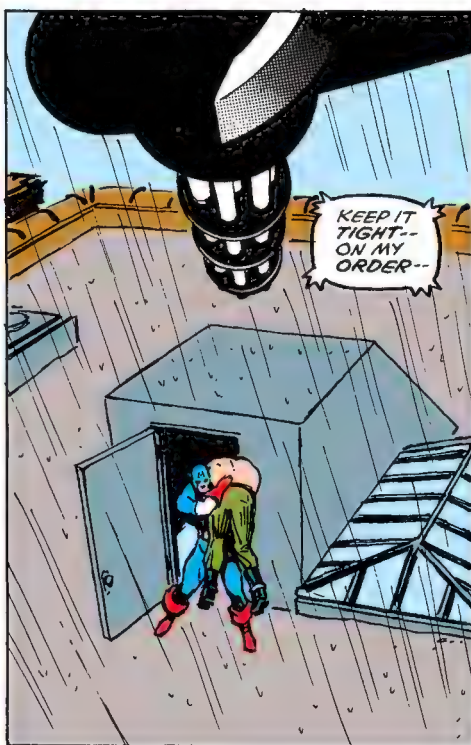


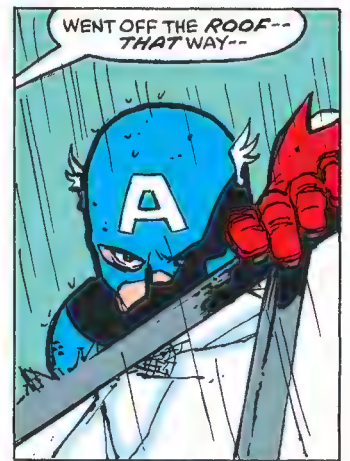
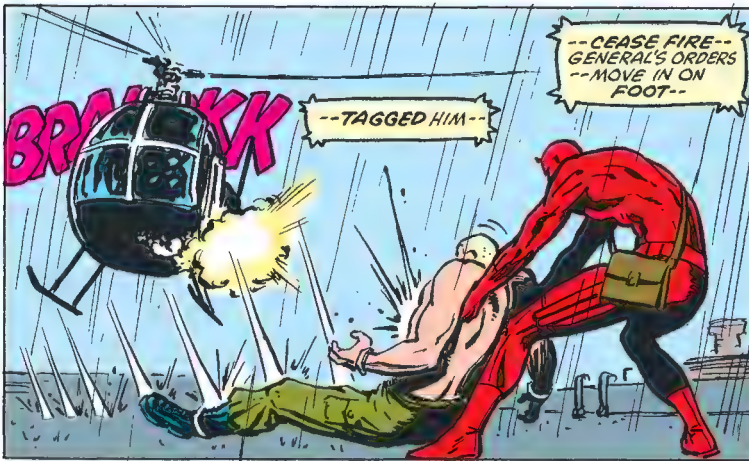
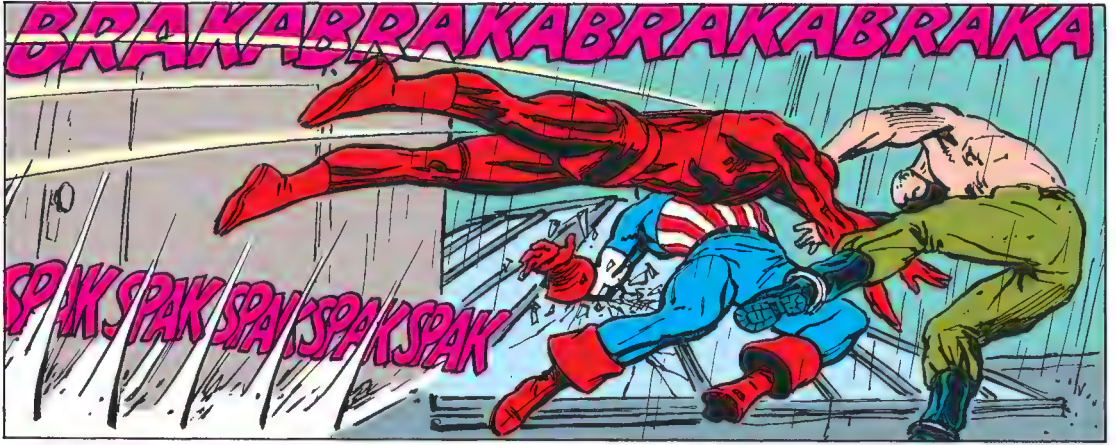
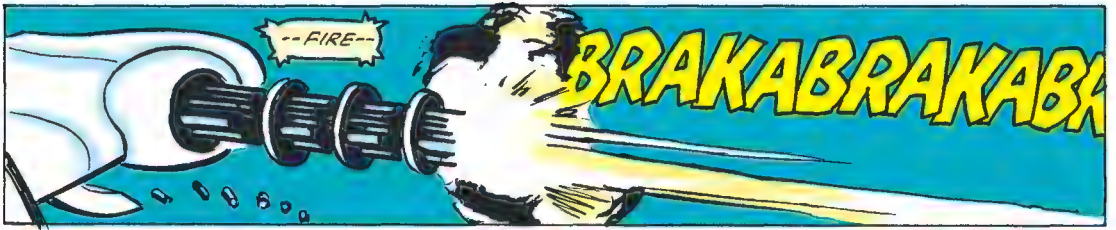
...DON'T BE OLD, THINKS
THE SOLDIER. DON'T BE
CRAZY.

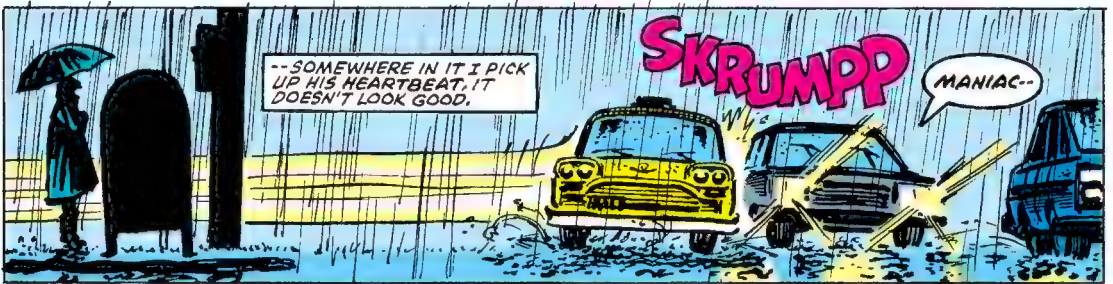
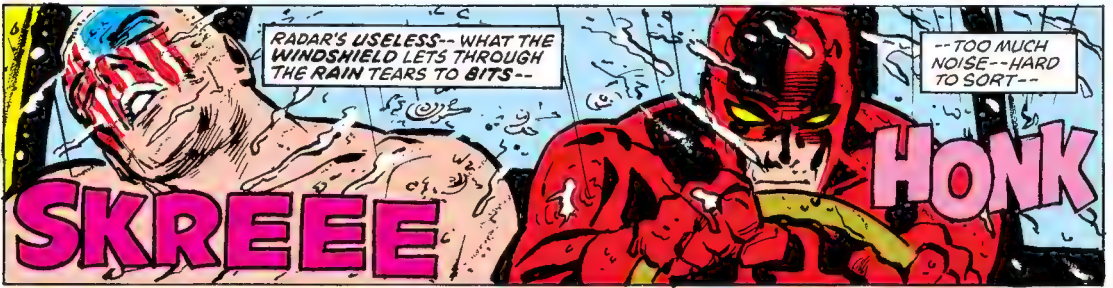
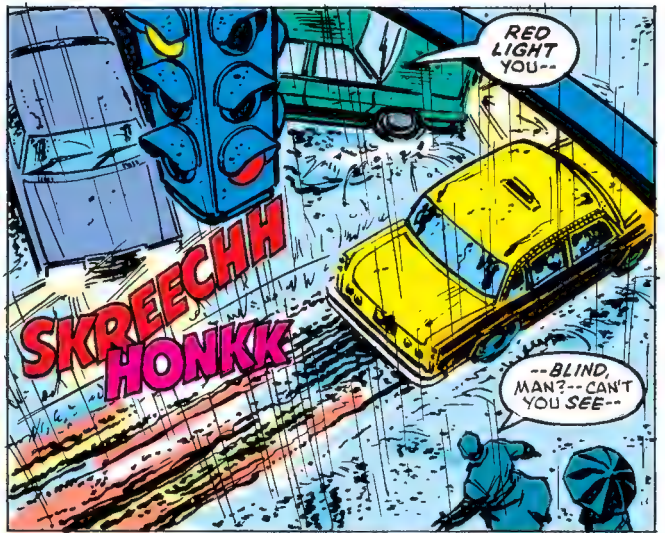
THOSE ARE OUR
BOYS.

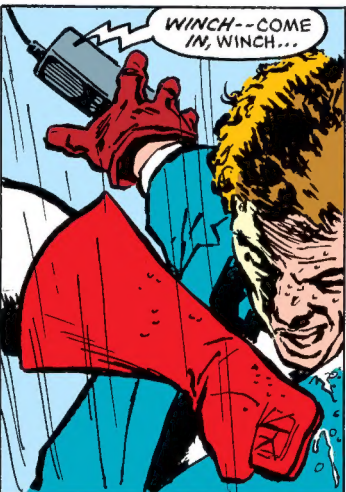
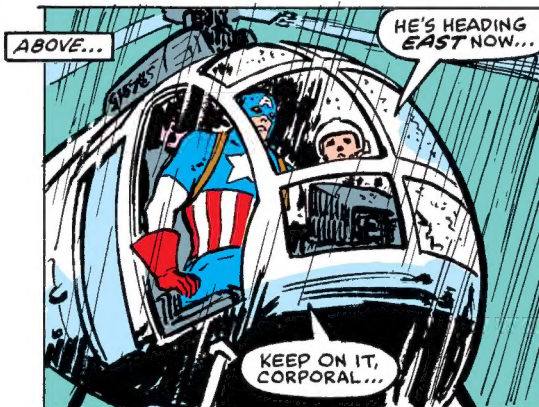
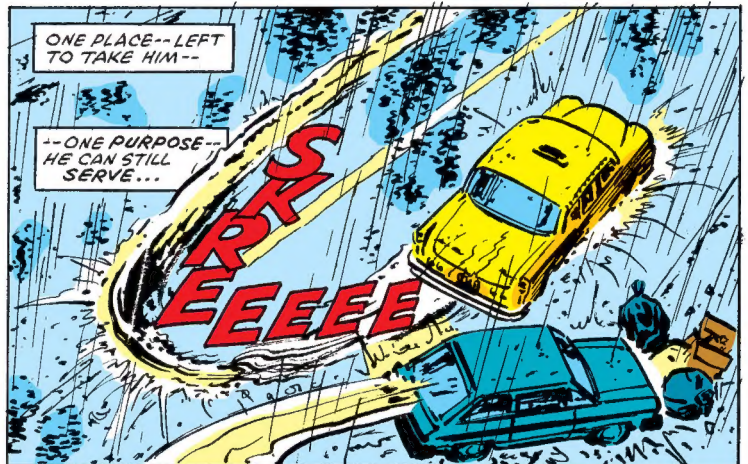


KEEP IT
TIGHT--
ON MY
ORDER--











THE NEXT FEW WEEKS GO POORLY FOR THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

ONE OF THE HIT MEN PLACED ON THE ROOF OF THE DAILY BUGLE NAMES THE CRIMELORD AS RESPONSIBLE FOR NUKE'S ASSAULT.

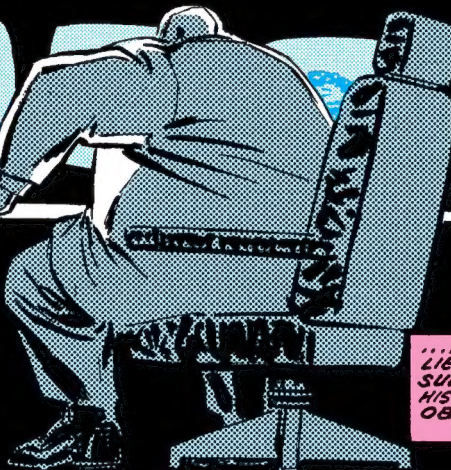
THEN, FROM EVERYWHERE, THE CHARGES COME...



...FROM CITIZENS GROUPS AND SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES-- FIRED BY TESTIMONY FROM DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEES, BAG MEN AND NUMBERS RUNNERS BARTERING AWAY PRISON SENTENCES--

--SPEAKING MORE SWIFTLY THAN THE KINGPIN CAN HAVE THEM KILLED...

...AND THE FACES OF HIS LIEUTENANTS GROW SULLEN AND HOSTILE. HIS COMMANDS ARE OBEYED, BUT FAR TOO SLOWLY...

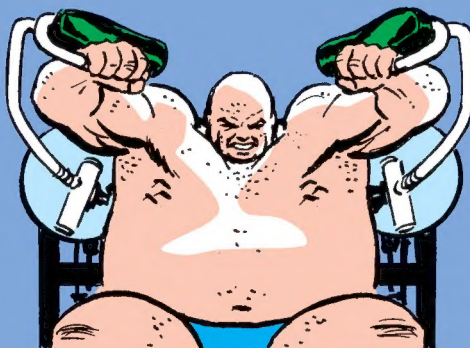


FEW OF THE CHARGES STICK. THOSE THAT DO ARE SKILLFULLY CAST INTO YEARS OF LITIGATION.

STILL, IN THE EYES OF EVERYONE EXCEPT, AS YET, THE LAW-- HE IS A VILLAIN.

HE IS SHUNNED-- EVEN CONDEMNED-- BY THE BUSINESSMEN WHO SO RECENTLY CHEERED HIM.

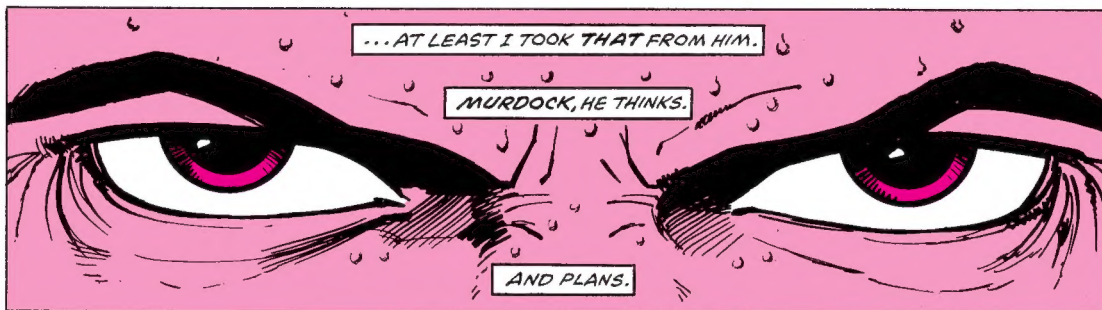
THE LAW.



...AT LEAST I TOOK THAT FROM HIM.

MURDOCK, HE THINKS.

AND PLANS.



MY NAME IS
MATT
MURDOCK.

I WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION.
MY REMAINING SENSES FUNCTION
WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS.

I LIVE IN HELL'S
KITCHEN AND DO
MY BEST TO KEEP
IT CLEAN.

THAT'S ALL
YOU NEED TO
KNOW.

